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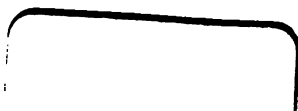
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" THE BALCONY—VARIATIONS IN FLESH COLOUR AND GREEN "

By permission of Mr. Charles L. Freer

LOTUS

**SPECIAL HOLIDAY NUMBER
IN MEMORIAM**

James A. McNeill Whistler



BUNKIO MATSUKI

Boston: 380 Boylston Street

DECEMBER

1903

(Copyright 1903)

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*"A Chiel's amang ye, takin' notes,
An' faith! he'll prent 'em."*

OUR EMBLEM: All nations have their flowers; England the rose; France the lily; Japan the chrysanthemum; China the peony; India the lotus. But the lotus is rather the flower of Humanity. Its glorious blossoms greet the globe-trotter in the gardens of the Prater, by the temples of old Nile, in the castle moat of Tokio, by the banks of the Ganges, the Hoang-Ho, the Mississippi. What better emblem could there be for the most cosmopolitan of magazines?

Centuries ago, Bishop Henjo of Kioto, summed up his doctrine in a few verses on the lotus. "Nothing is purer than the Lotus," quoth he, "not even the dew from Heaven that falls into its chalice." By this, if we read him aright, he meant that human nature is like the lotus, which springs out of the black mud of the pond, capable, in itself, of rising to goodness, and meeting the grace of heaven, a vessel worthy to receive it. Thus, the Spirit of the Lotus stands for all that there is good in humanity.

Many other significations there are in the Good Law of the Lotus, many as the petals of the flower itself. We

[a]

may, perhaps, develope one or more in every number of this magazine. Let these suffice for the present.

The Chinese letter signifying Lotus, on the cover, is reproduced from the handwriting of a famous Japanese Buddhist priest of the thirteenth century. The three dots to the left of it are as mysterious as Whistler's butterfly. We shall essay an explanation of them in a future number.



No new-born magazine has ever come into this world alive with a more famous list of contributors *to its advertising columns*, than LOTUS. The New Yorker, who knows the little New York worth knowing, will recognize there the name of our cleverest writer of *vers d'occasion*, celebrated in three great cities; and that of our greatest bibliopole who is, also, an ardent bibliophile, and those of the best experts in every line of art in the city. We may well be proud of our advertisers.



And, assuredly, there is no inhabitant of the Hub who knows not the genial proprietor of the Moon and Rabbit. Whereby hangs another birth-story:

Buddha, it is said, in one of his early existences, was born a rabbit. Wandering in the desert, he came, one day, upon a venerable hermit who, deserted by all the other beasts, was on the point of dying of starvation; and, the love of self-sacrifice already implanted in his heart, he offered his own life to save that of his fellow-creature. This virtuous deed is commemorated forever by the figure of a rabbit in the moon, which is one of the signs of the Chinese Zodiac.

Later, arrived himself at the human stage, Buddha Sakyamuni, it is related, found a hungry tiger in the wilderness, and, though he might have escaped, allowed himself to become a meal for the starving animal.



This is legend; but—smile not, gentle reader—the legends of one age become the facts of another; for have we not just seen, in sober fact, a worthy mayor of New York, quite unnecessarily, serve himself up to the famished Tammany tiger?



All the world loves a book-lover; but he, he loves books only. Yet with no platonic passion. He does not neglect the cover for the contents. When you see him at Bonaventure's, caressing a Trautz binding, you see one of the happiest men alive. He is not easily pleased; but he will approve of our chryselephantine cover.



Another case of altruism! Decidedly, the ideals of the past are being realized in these times. We have just seen the prospectus of the *American Connoisseur*. In life, the connoisseur, so styled by self or friends, is oftenest a person who has much to learn and to unlearn, and is excessively unwilling to do either. This new literary "Connoisseur," *when it sees the light*, will endeavor to enlighten him. We wish it joy!

Don't fail to consult the Wall Street Nose in the next number of LOTUS.



You may sometimes find the real connoisseur, a lonely and uncommunicative man, wandering discontentedly through certain galleries, seeking anxiously for some morsel of veritable art. When he finds it, his happiness is never demonstrative. But, talk to him of some discovery of your own; the cock of his eye shows you that he has been before you. No need to tell him of Davies' Newfoundland landscape at Macbeth's, of the extraordinary bindings at Bonaventure's, of the works of the new Impressionists at Durand-Ruel's, the lovely old brocades at Chadwick's, the study head of an auburn-haired woman at Chapman's, or the charming things in stained glass at Heinigke's and Arnold and Locke's. He knows them all. Yet, we venture to say that in the future it will double his pleasures to read, at times, of his favorites in the pages of LOTUS.



The Whistler Exhibition was finally decided upon at a quiet meeting, on November 5th, at the residence of Mr. Frank G. Macomber, at which were present, among others, Mr. Holker Abbott, Mr. Denman Ross, Mr. C. Howard Walker, Mr. John Endicott Peabody, Mr. Thomas Allen, and Mr. Bunkio Matsuki. Mr. Charles L. Freer came from Detroit expressly to attend the gathering, and, in a neat speech, made a frank and clear statement of what should and could be done, which determined all doubt as to the sense of the meeting.

The real connoisseur will anticipate with a tremor of delight the coming Whistler Memorial Exhibition at Copley Hall. We can tell him that he may expect to see there the famous "The Balcony—variation in flesh colour and green," and "Nocturne—Bognor," which we illustrate for the first time by the kind permission of the owner, Mr. Freer, whose collection is the richest in great Whistlers in the world. Mr. Howard Mansfield's valuable proofs of etchings and of lithographs and some of his dainty Whistler water-colors, will, we hope, be there, and there is reason to believe that the French Government may be induced to part for a time with the well-known "Portrait of Whistler's Mother," in the Luxembourg. Copley Hall, we are happy to add, is to be specially re-decorated by Mr. C. Howard Walker, to furnish a fitting background for these treasures.



Honor to whom honor is due! To the Copley Society of Boston we shall owe this Whistler Exhibition, one which could be made nowhere but in that lucky centre of enlightenment. Berlin has attempted it and given it up; London has dreamt of it and abandoned the idea; Paris must content herself this time with being tributary to Boston, which alone, of all cities, has found it possible, owing to the good taste of its collectors and to the untiring energy of members of the Copley Society to bring together a collection of Whistler's works worthy of his fame. It is to be hoped that the few good people, not without taste, but narrow, who still, at this late day, are Anti-Whistlerites, may now learn to appreciate the greatest painter of the age, and abjure their heresy. It is an awful thing to wilfully reject the light.

It is not the province of LOTUS to repeat what everybody knows, nor to trouble its readers with knowledge which no one needs. But this is a memorial number, and, for the sake of future compilers—an industrious and amiable race, of whom the number will never be less—we add a few more or less reliable notes about Whistler's life. He was born sometime early in the last century, probably either in Baltimore, Md., or Lowell, Mass., or St. Petersburg, Russia. Baltimore, being most insistent upon her claim, will most likely be adjudged the real birthplace. His father was an officer in the United States Army, who rendered service also as a diplomat. Young Whistler was educated at West Point, where he distinguished himself by making little sketches of landscapes on the margins of military maps. As the profession of cartographer or that of engineer did not suit him, he was sent to Paris to study art. It was then that he fell in with Du Maurier, the caricaturist and romancer, whose account of him as the idle student of the Latin quarter gave great offence to Whistler and had to be omitted from the later editions of "Trilby." This was Whistler's romantic and Bohemian period—the period of such etchings as "La Vielle aux loques" and "Soupe à trois sous." Later, he went to London, where he executed the famous Thames Series of etchings, and where he married a Miss Phillip, a relative of "the celebrated surgeon-etcher," as Whistler called him, Seymour Haden. His life from this time on was largely occupied with quarrels, frequently unaccountable, but always amusing, for, on such occasions, he was not only witty, but a provoker of wit in others. But this was the reverse side; the obverse was furnished by the development of his genius in his delightful and, even now, too little appreciated paintings, lithographs and etchings, to expatiate upon which, in this place, would be

to rob our plodding friend, the compiler, of the pleasures of research. Whistler died, it is said, of pneumonia, at his home in London. The affairs of his family and estate are being looked after by Mrs. Phillip, 71 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London, England.



WHISTLER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

By A MEMBER OF THE COPLEY SOCIETY

AT the Whistler Memorial Exhibition in Boston, to be held during the four weeks beginning February 23, the Copley Society will bring together the greatest number of pictures by this great artist ever assembled. An opportunity therefore will be given to study the development of Whistler, and what are called his periods, such as has never before been offered and probably never can be again. The lovers of Whistler and the collectors of this country, one and all, have united to make this exhibition in the highest sense a memorial one. Those who have it in charge are intelligently, enthusiastically and reverently laboring to honor the memory of the artist, and to give an exhibition of the widest scope for showing his extraordinary genius.

The portraits will include all owned in this country except the "Yellow Buskins," now in the Wilstach Museum, which, unfortunately, cannot join in this memorial owing to a legal clause inserted in its gift. But the "Princess of the Land of Porcelain," the "Sarasate," from the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg, the "Rosa Corder,"

"le Comte Robert de Montesquieu," the Eddy portrait, and many others will be shown. Not the least will be the great portrait of Whistler by himself, which the estate of the artist sends. A portrait of Whistler in his youth, by himself, will also be shown. Never before has an attempt been made to show together the several series of Whistler. The Series of Nocturnes will include his most important works and illustrate the great beauty of his night scenes. There will be a number of these, including the celebrated "Bagnor."

The series of "The Lily," will be shown in the complete state that attests the wonderful delicacy of the painter and his command of color. Another will be the Series of Nudes. In both of these a surprise indeed awaits those who have associated Whistler's palette with but three colors — black, gray and brown. For here will be seen the artist as a great colorist, using a scheme which fairly dazzles one in its Oriental splendor and variety.

"Une Jeune Fille des Rues," painted in 1883, and "The Little Lady Sophie of Soho," painted in the latter part of his life, will show how sincerely, how sweetly and quaintly he touched the life of the common people, and how sympathetically he placed their characters upon canvas.

But who could even touch upon what will be seen at this exhibition in so short an article? Read all you can upon the life of Whistler, all that his intimates and associates have to say of him, then see this collection not once but many times, until the subtle beauties fill your soul. Then, and not till then, will you know what Whistler has done and what his creations mean.

Drawing from Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Freer, Mr. Lathrop and others, the exhibition of etchings will be such as could

not be shown in any other country. His two greatest portraits, that of his mother, in the Louvre, and his "Carlisle at Glasgow," will not be here. But Europe can show no such etchings are to be found in our great American collection. These are freely and generously offered, so that about two hundred and fifty to three hundred etchings of the rarest states will be brought together.

A suggestion of the character of the exhibition is given by the following list of some of the works to be lent from the famous collection of Mr. C. L. Freer, of Detroit :

- " The Balcony — Variations in flesh colour and green "
- " The Little Blue and Gold Girl "
- " Nocturne — Bognor "
- " Rose and Gold — The Little Lady Sophie of Soho "
- " The Thames in Ice "
- " Nocturne — Blue and Silver — Battersea Reach "
- " Blue and Silver — Trouville "
- " Nocturne — Grey and Silver — Chelsea Embankment "
- " The White Symphony — Three Girls "
- " Variations in Pink and Grey — Chelsea "
- " Venus "
- " The Little Red Glove. "
- " Rose and Silver — La Princess des Pays de la Porcelaine "



WHISTLER IN JAPAN

By BUNKIO MATSUKI

A few years ago, there arose a question among Japanese art critics in Tokio, as to what is the true color of night. Some paradoxical persons said white, others, silver; but a finish was given to the argument by the late Rinjiro Takayama, Professor of Literature in our Tokio University, who asserted that night could never be correctly represented without the use of some tone of blue.

I was one of the ardent students present at this controversy and I felt satisfied that what the professor had said was correct. His conception of night color was not new to me. I had realized its truth three years before when looking at the famous "Nocturne—Southampton," by Whistler, at the delightful home of Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit. It is a superb portrayal of the mystery of night. At the first glance one sees only a canvas covered with ghostly blue-black; and next I noticed the golden-hued butterfly in the centre of it. But as I continued to look, a huge craft seemed to come out of the darkness. She was taking in sail as she neared the yet distant shore. And now, the mysterious butterfly might be a lantern lashed to the mast. At the same time a glimmering light appeared on the horizon, and soon the illusion was complete and I was absorbed into the canvas as though it were a real scene.

This, I may say, was a revelation to me; it was my introduction to the world of art. No Eastern art, old or new, had ever so much impressed me. Many other revelations followed, of course. When, sometime after, I saw the "Portrait of Whistler's Mother" at the Luxembourg in Paris, it strengthened my faith in Whistler. A happy and fortu-



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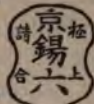
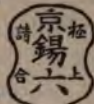
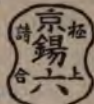
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nate evolution was realized in my career as a collector of Japanese art, whether of paintings, wood-carvings, pottery, metal work or lacquer, the ideas of color and of the value of mystery, which I had derived from Whistler, formed my standard and my success of late years I attribute wholly to what I have learned from the greatest of modern painters.

I may add, then, to what Miss Norris has so happily said on another page, that, if Whistler learned much from the painters of the Ukiyo-ye, Japanese connoisseurs have in return, learned from him how to appreciate the art of their own country. It is partly due to Whistler, that Hokusai and Hiroshighe are now better thought of in Japan than they were by critics of the last generation. It is sometimes pleasant as well as profitable to see ourselves as others see us.

The tones of bluish-black, of silvery-gray, and verde antique of old Chinese and Japanese pewters particularly remind me of the tones of Whistler's nocturnes. American collectors are already aware of the artistic use which Koyetsu and Korin frequently made of pewter inlaid in lacquer, but I venture to say that they know nothing of the beauty of antique objects made wholly or mostly of that metal. For the past seven years I have made a vigorous search for old pewters all over China and Japan. The Chinese pewter, in every case, contains much silver. The early Japanese artisans very often used gold as well as silver, the varying composition giving rise to black spots which have the quality of *Shakudo*. It is not known how early pewter vessels were manufactured in China, but there are authentic accounts of its production under the Sung Dynasty, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, many pewter vessels being used in that period, particularly in the tea services. It is not possible, however, to trace any line of artists engaged in their production. At an early period in Japan pewter wares were much

in use, being exported from China. No names of makers are known, however, until about the middle of the sixteenth century.

If I appear to allow my enthusiasm for pewters to carry me away, it is because I am sure that Whistler himself would be enthusiastic over them. And why should not an artist do so, when a rough general like old Hideyoshi, desirous of turning his warriors' minds towards thoughts of peace, induced some of them to become amateur workers in pewter, conferring on the best the title, "Second to none under heaven." Among those who won this distinction were the daimio Iwami-no-Kami and Mimasaka-no-Kami, Suzuya-Zi-Hei,  Suzu-roku and Ka-
Hei, famous  between  1550 and 1650.  ers of Ki. 
oto  between  1550 and 1650.  Suzuya Tar-
oza  and Suzuya Chuyemon  wrought in
Osa  ka at the same period.

The following description of articles in my collection are, in the main, from the pen of Mr. Sylvester Baxter, written when he examined it recently.

Plate A shows the oldest Chinese pewter in the collection. It is an early Sung, 960-1200 A.D., tea jar, the most superb specimen in existence. Tall and square in form, with delicately concave sides and convex top, its decorative character is conferred largely by corrosion. The extraordinary tones of brown and gray on the clouded and mottled surface suggest imaginative designs.

Plate B shows an ancient tea jar of exquisite grayish-blue patina, like *Shibaichi* metal.

Plate C shows an old Japanese pewter platter of exquisite shape, remarkable for its wonderful *shakudo* effect of spotted black, the mottled markings of the surface accentuated by a secondary quality of relief in the corrosions of



D









the inner portion, giving impression, particularly when viewed in changing lights, as of two strata of clouds floating in the sky, one far below the other. It dates probably from the fourteenth century.

On Plate D is shown an oriform jar of beautiful proportions. It is an extremely rare specimen of the works of Iwami-no-Kami, mentioned above. The prevailing color tone is that of gray *Shibaichi* in star-like spots and nebulous mottlings. The maker's seal is incised on the bottom.



Plate E shows an extraordinary koro of silvery pewter of the Yuen period, about 1340 A. D. The dragon-head handles and the channellings of the body are chiselled in the solid metal. The cover is of carved teak wood.

The vase shown on Plate F is of Japanese pewter of the early seventeenth century, made by Suzuya Chuyemon. It is inlaid with pale gold, hexagonal in shape, with rarely graceful proportions. The decoration shows a saint in adoration by a lotus pool and other figures.

Up to the latter part of the eighteenth century the vessels most used at Japanese wedding feasts were of pewter, and included the sake-pot, cups and vases.

To return to Whistler. It is customary in Japan, at the death of a noted man, for his admirers to gather together, and for each to try in a few words to characterize his genius. Even now, I doubt not that friends of mine are bringing each his tribute of appreciation to their memorial feast in Whistler's honor. What should be my contribution? I think it would be this: It is said as "bold as brass." Why not, on occasion, as "modest, refined, distinguished as pewter"? Such, in fact, is the simile which would come most promptly to my lips in speaking of Whistler's art.

THE PLACE IN HISTORY OF MR. WHISTLER'S ART

By ERNEST F. FENOLLOSA

ONE has heard, and more frequently of late, two antagonistic views expressed concerning the rank of the deceased master. While all admit his power, skill and originality, some hold that Whistler's work was eccentric and even whimsical; that it lay in some small fantastic oasis far aside from the main path of human advance, and became so personal that no follower could or should learn much from it, and no future movement in art derive from it. On the other hand, a small circle of enthusiasts, often persons who have come under the spell of his presence, openly look up to Mr. Whistler as the greatest artist of all time, rank him as a portrait painter ahead of Velasquez and Rembrandt, and predict a permanent fame and influence that shall render him epoch-making.

Which of these extreme estimates comes the nearer to the truth must perforce be left to the final verdict of posterity. But even a tentative forecast must be based, not upon the small issues of transition styles and party criticism, but on an ample outlook over the course of the main streams of tendency in all art.

Most Western criticism is based upon the brief fortunes of Academic Art between the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries. Judged from such practice of studying separate figures from models in indoor lights, and of gluing such studies together into compositions, Whistler's art may well appear unprogressive. But the rest of the world's art, at all other places and times, has differed from this practice



"NOCTURNE—BOGNOR"

By permission of Mr. Charles L. Freer

in at least five respects :— it takes its key from the materials, uses, proportions and appropriate patterns of things, growing up slowly from industrial design to vast mural decoration ; it tends to the dramatic, using its structural lines to suggest freedom and unity of motion ; it so masses its darks and lights as at once to enrich the architectural plan and to distinguish the main members of the dramatic group ; it uses color schemes in a similar way to add both beauty and clearness ; and it never allows its purity of color to be sullied by its darks. All these five lines of effort, the Academic School, in its mania to study shadow modelling, cut clear across at right angles ; until David struck its *reductio ad absurdum*, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, with paintings that could be true only if men and things were white plaster casts set up before so many slits of studio windows.

Nineteenth century art is a healthy reaction against all this, and a partial return to earlier universals. A plaster world seen out-of-doors would at least show clear flat planes of distance. And, fortunately, things are not dead plaster, but light-reflecters in infinitely varying degrees. And just as Corot, Millet, Rousseau and their successors were daring to explore the dramatic and lyric wealth of nature, along came, as if by providential timing, Japanese example, a revelation of what the natural eye not only did, but still could see, a reinforcement of former European aim, but with the remarkable addition of pure landscape studied for its own sake. This Oriental influence was no accident, no ephemeral ripple on the world's art stream, but a second main current of human achievement sweeping around into the ancient European channel, and thus isolating the three-hundred-year-long island of academic extravagance.

And so when Mr. Whistler found himself, later in the

century, caught in these confluent drifts, he was guilty of no vain eccentricity in deliberately yielding himself for a time to the Japanese spirit. Rather was he throwing himself into the universal current, in making his individual feeling the sole test of his constructive schemes, reaching new power in dramatic movement and poignancy of line, in subtle contrapuntal marshalling of his silvery grays, and in cooler and more normal ranges of color harmony, like translucent films of glaze in pottery. The simple truth is that he is the first great master who comes after the union of East and West, the first who creates naturally and without affectation in their mingled terms.

This explains why, in studying any broad range of Whistler's work, whether in water, oil, or the etched line, we continually find such subtle resemblances to all the leading schools of the past. In his grandest figure work, where his broad brush has given us instantaneous sweeps of massy drapery line, we are driven, in spite of the alien material, to trace a parallel to the sculptures of the Parthenon. His broadest color impressions are quite Greek in rhythm. But at the very next moment we are reminded of the broad blunt line of the great Japanese fifteenth-century master, Sesshu. In condensation, in power to reduce even a mass of foreground figures to a fine — and correct — impressionistic blur of a single tint, he even out-Sesshus Sesshu.

It was my privilege recently to study for hours, side by side one of Whistler's subtlest monochromatic etchings of impression along the banks of the Thames, and an elaborate ink drawing of misty scenery along the banks of the Sientang, designed by the Sung landscape master Kakei. Both went far beyond the ordinary range of values into silvery subtleties infinitely rich, suggestive of the complexities of city, village, grove, rock, inlet, harbor shipping and distant crowds, yet

clear and intense. Perhaps the palm rested with Whistler. He was slightly subtler, slightly clearer. And I have recently seen, too, his new color ranges of pearly iridescence, rich, opaque and clear, which, though suggesting only the fresco-like scales of the Japanese makimono and sliding-door colorists of the thirteenth century, Mitsunaga and Nobuzane carry their suggestions to larger issues. Here we get color, not richer than the great Venetians indeed, but softer and subtler, less oily and sombre, less overwhelmed with avalanches of lights and shadows.

We may freely admit that Mr. Whistler was not necessarily greater in all respects than the individual masters of the past who have been transcendent in some one respect. He has not out-classed Phidias, Sesshu, Ririomin, Giorgioni, Velasquez, Michelangelo and Nobuzane, point for point. But he has, perhaps, come nearer than any one of them to blending all the characteristic excellences into a single broader art, that must lead out as pioneer into the future.



WHISTLER AND THE UKIYO-YE

By MARIE NORRIS

PASSAGES FROM AN UNDELIVERED LECTURE

. . . . "Art is a whimsical goddess," said the Professor of the "Gentle Art." She may turn her back on the commercial virtues and hie her off "to find, among the opium eaters of Nankin, a favorite with whom she lingers fondly; caressing his blue porcelain, and painting his coy maidens, and marking his plates with the six marks of choice." Art, in short, is sporadic, according to Mr. Whistler, appears now here and now there, in the Parthenon or at the foot of Fuji-Yama, and cannot be cultivated on the grand scale, or made popular.

This idea of Whistler's, when first enunciated, excited the ire of Mr. Swinburne, and, as many will remember, there ensued a famous controversy between the painter and the bard. Mr. Swinburne objected most strenuously to the coupling of things Greek with things Japanese. The Acropolis and Fuji-Yama—horror! The Muses and Lang Leizen—sacrilege! "Japanese art," he asserted, "is not only the incomparable accomplishment of certain harmonies of color, it is the negation, the immolation, the annihilation of everything else." Who wants popular art of that variety? It was otherwise with the Greeks, Swinburne was sure. "Phidias thought of other things than arrangements in marble."

Mr. Swinburne, in fact, got matters most curiously and intricately mixed. The darling! He assumed that Japanese art has no other than a decorative purpose. It is full of significance. He assumed that an incomparable achieve-

ment by a Japanese should not be placed beside an incomparable achievement by a Greek. Why not? He assumed that the "other things" that Phidias thought about—the myths and things—were of more account to him than his art. I wish Phidias could read him. And, yet, most wonderful of all, he assumed that it was the art and not the other things that pleased the Greek people. Phidias was commoner than the commonalty, and they were more artistic than he!

Let us set these things straight. There is no doubt that art was popular in Greece, because it repeated old stories and established ideas already favorites with the people. It was popular in Holland because it showed the people themselves, at their business or at their amusements. It has been popular in Japan and may be popular elsewhere on similar terms. Art, in short, to be popular, must work in the commonplace. If ideal, then Justice must have her scales, and Columbia her mob cap, and Cupid his bow and arrows. If realistic, then its subjects must be already well liked by the people. Behold the secret of popularity.

As to the other kind of art—the art without legends, without long explanatory notes in the catalogues: the art in which there is no "copy" for the industrious newspaper man—it would be difficult to find better examples of such art than the works of WHISTLER, the Unpopular.

A pleasing tale occurs to me—a new one, and a true one—of a farmer in a distant land who dug up one day a quantity of antique gold rings of exquisite workmanship. The poor man had never seen the color of gold before, nor anything artistic. He admired the rings in his dumb way, but was troubled to think of a use for them. As a peasant, he was bound to find a use for everything that he had, so he cudgelled his brains day and night for a long time over the

problem. At last he had an inspiration, a great light dawned upon him, and he ran out at once and inserted the gold rings in his pigs' snouts to prevent them from digging up his potatoes.

This was the utilization of art. When I speak of doing anything of the sort, I will find other artists than Whistler to talk about. He is not even informing. You can learn next to nothing from him. He has no ideas except pictorial ones to convey. He does not show you what gowns your great-grandmother wore, nor how Pericles carried his himation. He does not teach geology, nor botany, nor morality, nor even immorality. His notion of a work of art was that it should somehow be beautiful, and that, beauty attained, nothing more should be expected of it. And he was no more humorous in his paintings than instructive. He was, therefore, intensely unpopular.

Who does not know the curious trade-mark or emblem of his which we have reproduced on the cover? Many have been the guesses of what it represents — a Japanese fan, a Hebrew character, a butterfly on a clover leaf. I will tell you what it is; it is Itzpapilotl.

She was a Mexican Indian goddess — a very feminine sort of a goddess, whose name signifies The Stinging Butterfly. Whistler shows her a sort of baby dragon with butterfly wings and a tail tipped with an arrowhead. It was a most appropriate emblem, for the gauzy wings stand for his art, all delicacy and refinement, and the armed tail represents the impudent wit with which he punished those — and they were many — who failed to appreciate his art.

Here is a rarity — a Whistler anecdote which has not heretofore been published. William M. Chase (a well-known American artist) in London, not many years ago, became very friendly with Whistler. They were almost insepar-

able; if one was asked to a dinner the other was also. On the last occasion of the sort, Mr. Chase, having had experience of Whistler's unreliability, went to the latter's studio a little before the appointed hour. He found the Unpopular One at work at his easel, and, as in duty bound, admired the painting. Whistler smiled pleasantly and kept on working. At last Chase drew forth his watch and remarked that they ought to be going. "Going where?" asked Whistler, blandly. Chase reminded him of the dinner. "Dinner," said Whistler, "dinner! You would leave this beautiful thing for a dinner? Begone to your dinner, and do not darken this door again." And Chase was added to the number of WHISTLER'S enemies.

Like the elegant gentlemen of the Circumlocution Office, Whistler detested that inquiring turn of mind that "wants to know, you know." He had little use for exact information about the date and whereabouts of a famous painter's birth, and mortuary statistics had no charm for him. He did not rate highly the intelligence that would expect in a picture such accuracy as we look for in an engineer's drawing. His "Battersea Bridge" is a very battered looking bridge, and, an engineer might say, wholly impracticable. But to him it was not a bridge so much as a shape, an element in a pictorial composition. He was greatly interested in the striking analogies that exist between music and color design. He found in nature and transferred to the canvas pictorial harmonies, arrangements, nocturnes, notes, and had the boldness to call them by these names — which added to the puzzlement of the critic and to his unpopularity. He took his revenge in sarcasm, in a foppish defiance of convention, sometimes in gross impertinences. But the real man shows in his paintings, etchings and lithographs, which are as absolutely sincere and straightforward

as they are refined and delicate. His real character may be seen, too, in Boldini's sketch of "Whistler Sleeping," which has something of the value of a death-mask. Here, the surface manner, the airs put on to brave the public, are absent; it is no longer the cynic nor the fop that is before us, but the essential Whistler, the man of super-refined sensibilities, narrow, friendless, almost tragical — the poor demon butterfly, broken upon the world's wheel.

Let us pass, perhaps none too soon, to the popular side of art as it was practised in old Japan.

The Ukiyo-ye, the Japanese popular school, grew out of the three important schools of art that preceded it. Two of these — Mr. Swinburne, notwithstanding — were to a high degree idealistic — the great Buddhist school of religious painting, and the yet more abstract Chinese school.

The Ukiyo-ye may be said to have originated with the development of color painting in the seventeenth century. All Japan had long been at peace under the rule of the Tokugawa. The lower classes enjoyed a considerable degree of comfort, and the merchants, who were reckoned of them, had become wealthy. The engraved blocks which had always been used for printing patterns, when perfected as to design, furnished a cheap means of gratifying the popular demand for pictures of celebrated actors, celebrated beauties, wrestlers and heroes of romance. Among the artists certainly known to Whistler were Hokusai and Hiroshige.

Hokusai's "Hundred Views of Fuji-Yama" is the best known of the Japanese picture books in Europe and in this country. The celebrated mountain appears on every folio, though it is sometimes, as in a puzzle picture, not easy to find. Its shadowy cone shows through the meshes of

a fisherman's net; it is reflected, itself unseen, in an old gentleman's pocket mirror; it looms up beyond the prows of the boats crowded together under a narrow arch; its shade is projected athwart the racing billows after a storm; it is seen through a gap in a ruined wall; it is seen wrapped in mists or covered with snow; black against the moonlight, or gleaming through the rifts of a thundercloud.

But Whistler must have seen original drawings by Hokusai. Japanese critics do not rate them as highly as we do. Yet there are drawings by Hokusai in which the color is laid on with marvelous purity and precision, and screens of which it is not too much to say that Velasquez might have painted them had he been trained in Japan. These latter are remarkable for what the Japanese call *Notan*, that is a decorative use of values.

Hokusai led a restless life of work and travel. He was continually shifting his domicile and changing his name, a circumstance which has given no little trouble to collectors. Hiroshige is noted as a landscapist, yet, for my part, I like his birds and flowers and fishes better than his landscapes. Still they have a breath that is absent in Hokusai. They form a complete itinerary of Japan, including all those famous views of river, coast and mountain scenery which crowds of pilgrims go every year to see, tramping through many provinces, on the road all summer. Like Hokusai, he excels in picturesque incidents; his traveling companion has lit a fire of damp wood to cook the evening meal, the black smoke rolls up against the darkening hills: or the two are surprised by a lashing rainstorm among the fir trees: or they march by moonlight under the willows, between the flooded rice-fields: or a summer shower overtakes them, and, between the falling drops one sees the immense plain beyond, bathed in sunshine. But, in his search for novel points of view, he

sometimes shows questionable taste, as in the strange landscape seen under the belly and between the legs of his big red horse, whose other parts are out of the picture. Then, he is frequently too positive in color, and his composition is often only rudimentary. The decadence, really, set in with him. But I must say a word in praise of his snow-scenes, and his birds and flowers are truly delightful. I believe the wretch made a chance success in landscape, and was forced by the public and the publishers to stick to genre, though hankering to do birds.

Nature, humor, action, these are undoubtedly the most popular elements of the popular art of Japan. The quantity of splendid designs of birds, insects, flowers, landscapes, is immense. Everything is decorated with them, kitchen ware, towels, girdles, lamp-shades. They are wrought in gold lacquer, inlaid in mother-of-pearl, hammered in iron, incised in pewter. The school runs riot with humor. For the serious sweetness of the early religious art there is substituted the free-and-easy familiarity of the popular fête. The gods themselves are caricatured. The Buddhist divinities appear as a company of strolling players, resting by the wayside. The God of Contentment, pictured as a fat old beggarman, gazes stupidly into the sky, while a mischievous boy filches something from his wallet. The Great Goddess of the Sun, the ancestress of the Imperial House, is shown perched ignobly on a buffalo, while her companions, the Seasons, scamper around her in a frantic dance. This is probably a scene from a popular procession. Minor legends and superstitions are an inexhaustible source of fun. A book might be written about the ghosts, goblins and other bugaboos invented by Hokusai alone. There is the ghost of the lamented wife appearing to the bereaved husband. Her long hair is simulated by a pendant branch of the weeping willow

that is planted by the grave. There is the opium-smoking lady, with the very long neck twisted like a spiral of the smoke itself. The everyday life of the people furnishes occasion for many amusing pictures. Two travelling bonzes, supposed by their parishioners at home to be models of abstemiousness, are invited by two buxom maids to enter the cook-shop, where a man is firing up the oven, a woman cook is fanning the flames under the gridiron, and three jolly fellows are bringing up a bucket of sake. It is plain that the pilgrims will proceed no further this day. The lazy man, in another picture, lies on his back and thinks of other men hard at work. The optimistic old gentleman, dozing over his fire, sees in the steam from his kettle a beautiful young girl whom he welcomes with a senile smile. The kettle boils over, the hot water threatens to scald his feet ; but, lo ! it is a summer sea on which advances gayly the Ship of Good Fortune, laden with bales of rice, branches of coral, strings of pearls and jars of wine. In still another picture, hunters are pursuing a wounded crane. The big bird gets between their legs and upsets them in all directions. But it were wrong to suppose that these artists were always grinning. There are many series of gracefully drawn and daintily colored prints illustrating the avocations of women — dyeing, weaving, arranging flowers ; and their enjoyments, boating, playing the koto, picking shells on the seashore. And, needless to say, these are the things which Whistler studied and admired. Their expressiveness of line, their modest but effective color, the simple method that does much with little effort, the perfect skill, whose wonderful results appear almost the work of chance, are Whistler's, and they belong also to the artists of the Ukiyo-ye.

No doubt Whistler learned much from these artists of Japan. This is obvious to everybody in such pictures as

that master-piece, "On the Balcony,"¹ and the "Princess of the Land of Porcelain." The connection is less obvious but more subtle in the "Falling Rocket," and the views of "Valparaiso Harbor." There was, however, one thing which he might have learned from the Japanese and did not — that one may be an artist, and yet a man, for a' that ; that he may join heartily with his fellow-mortals in their belief or their unbelief, their preferences and their prejudices, and even conceive it a large part of his mission to illustrate these things, and yet put so much of grace and beauty into his work that it will be valued by folk of another age and another race, to whom his patriotism, his religion, his learning and his humor are as naught. Their vogue with the populace did not harm these artists of old Japan. Though borne on the crest of a wave of popularity they lived and breathed in the higher and rarer element of art.



GARDEN ART IN STONE OF OLD JAPAN

By BUNKIO MATSUKI

WHEN Marie Antoinette had made at the Trianon an "English Garden" for her pleasure, she was little aware that she was perpetuating a copy of a copy. But so she was, for the English themselves copied from the Japanese and Chinese. Shenstone, the poet, and Horace Walpole, the patron saint of collectors, were the

¹ We owe to the kindness of Mr. C. L. Freer, of Detroit, the owner of the painting, permission to reproduce this most important painting, which places Whistler side by side with Rembrandt as a draughtsman.



No 1.



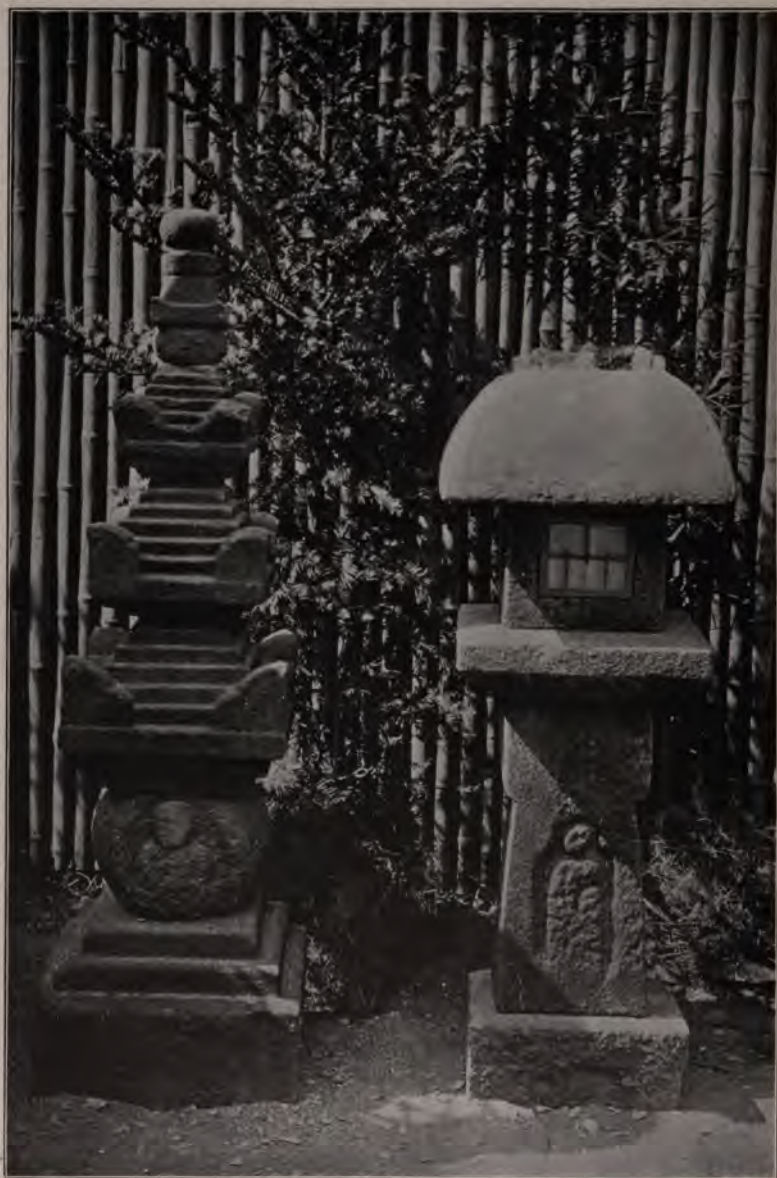


No. 2



No. 3





No. 4

first to introduce naturalism in gardening into England, and they but followed, as well as they could, Chinese and Japanese models. On the Continent, this naturalistic style, introduced from England, had a great vogue in that most artificial of centuries, the eighteenth. It became the direct opposite of the formal French and Italian style. Later gardeners, such as Downing, Parsons, and, especially, Frederick Law Olmstead, broke away somewhat from the park-like style of Shenstone and re-introduced the formal balustrades, terraces and broad avenues of the continental style. Some of their contemporaries in England studied the classic landscapes of Claude Lorraine and Poussin, and have decorated their landscapes with broken columns, or, perhaps, a circular temple like that of Tivoli, sheltering a statue of Venus or of Flora. We are now turning again to the East, to the original source of our inspiration, and we find, somewhat to our surprise, that the Japanese stone lanterns and Buddhas, neglected by Shenstone and Walpole, are much more in harmony with natural forms than our pseudo-classic nymphs and graces, and deliberately broken Corinthian capitals.

Pious Buddhists, who trace the beginnings of everything back to the time of Buddha, attribute the origin of the eastern garden to his childish love of nature. The prince "in his early stage of enlightenment," was already tired of the pomps and vanities of the palace, and was fond of rambling in the forest, where he indulged his innate love of meditation. The father of the Buddha tried in every way to cure this rambling habit, but in vain, until he hit upon the expedient of surrounding the palace with an artfully contrived wilderness representing the natural beauties, at once, of all the four seasons. This, so says the legend, for a little time satisfied the nature-loving prince.

Other authorities see in the oldest Chinese gardens the attempts of travellers to renew in their home-keeping old age the delight once inspired by the romantic gorges of the Yang-Tse, or of the River of Golden Sands, which it had been their lot to see in their adventurous youth. However this may be, the naturalistic garden in the Far East is assuredly of a very great antiquity.

In Japan, the beginnings of gardening as a fine art are referred to the time of the Emperor Mon-mu, who had laid out for him a famous garden by the artist, Yoshi-Fusa. His successor, Montoku, describes, in a little poem in the Chinese style, the pleasures which he found in his moon-gazing arbor. We subjoin a rough translation: —

THE VOYAGE OF THE MOON¹

A sycamore boat on a sea of mist,
The moon goes coasting by isles of amber,
And trembles now in my cup, I wist,
And now stands poised o'er my leafy chamber.

A broad light gleams on the lake, afar;
Cool blows the breeze from the forest, yonder;
And, forth, convoyed by many a star,
In the open heaven, she sails — a wonder.

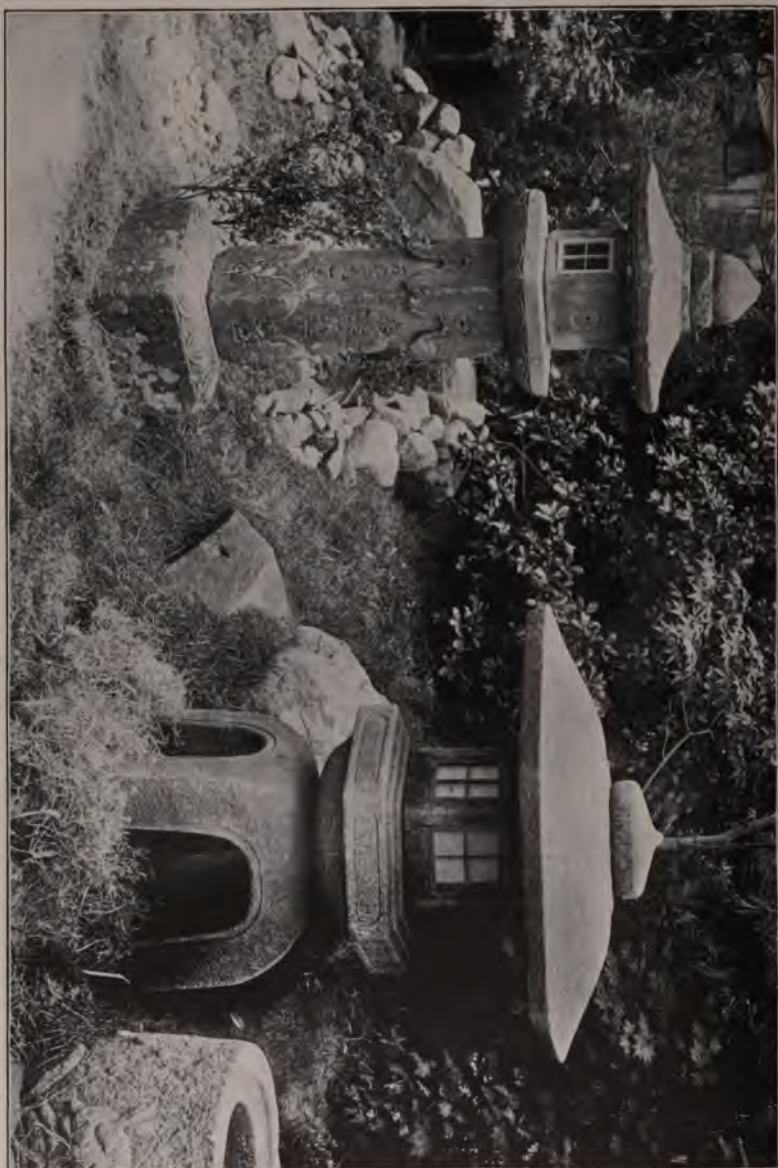
Yoshi-Fusa's garden, admirably simple it is said to have been, remained the model until about 1380, when Muso Kokushi, a famous Buddhist priest and artist, arranged at the rear of the Shio Kokuji Temple, a garden held to be finer. Another garden by Muso at Kinka-Kuji on Kitayama, near Kioto, is still kept up and is a splendid example of his skill. That at Ginkakuji by So-Ami, a painter-gardener of eighty years later date, is also still in existence. You enter at the level of the roadway, proceed

¹ "Sunrise Stories." Charles Scribner's Sons.



No. 5





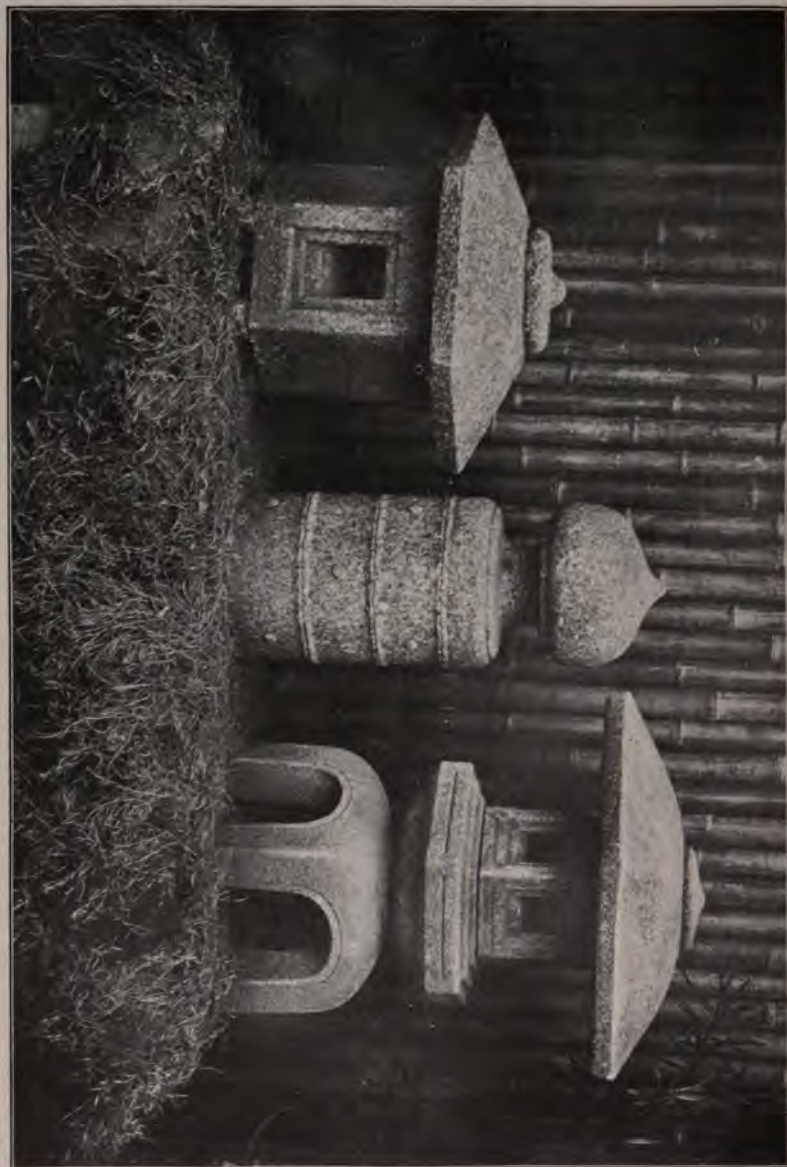
No. 6



No. 7







No. 8

for a little way down a slight declivity, and then, turning the shoulder of a great rock, find yourself suddenly in a deep ravine where ancient and wondrously gnarled pine trees bend over rocks draped with the moss growth of five hundred years. But, as an appreciative traveller has said, the great charm of the place is in the evidence perceived on every hand of unceasing and sympathetic human tendance, continued from generation to generation through the centuries. Everything is extraordinarily old and vigorous, and every tree and rock and stream has had its natural character developed by an education carried on from father to son, with loving insight and patience.

Several fine gardens of Kioto, as that of Katsura palace, that of Kodaiji temple, and others, attributed to Kobori-Yenshiu, who flourished between 1590 and 1620, are also still well cared for.

To a European or an American, one of the most curious things about these gardens is the importance assigned, not only to great rocks, but to stones of small dimensions, though of a specially characteristic or picturesque form. Amateurs of stones justify their predilection by their indestructibility. They are proof against fire and water, and a life history of centuries is written in the marks of weathering and of water action. Those most sought for are the curious water-worn rocks picked up along the coast. There is an artistic feeling (rather than scientific knowledge) that the structure of the stone is, in little, that of the mountain. So that in their miniature landscapes large stones, carefully chosen and grouped, represent surprisingly well the outlines of famous mountains celebrated by travellers and poets.

Weather-worn and clad with lichens, the stone lantern, which at night throws a mysterious ray through tangled foliage, is sometimes scarcely to be distinguished at first

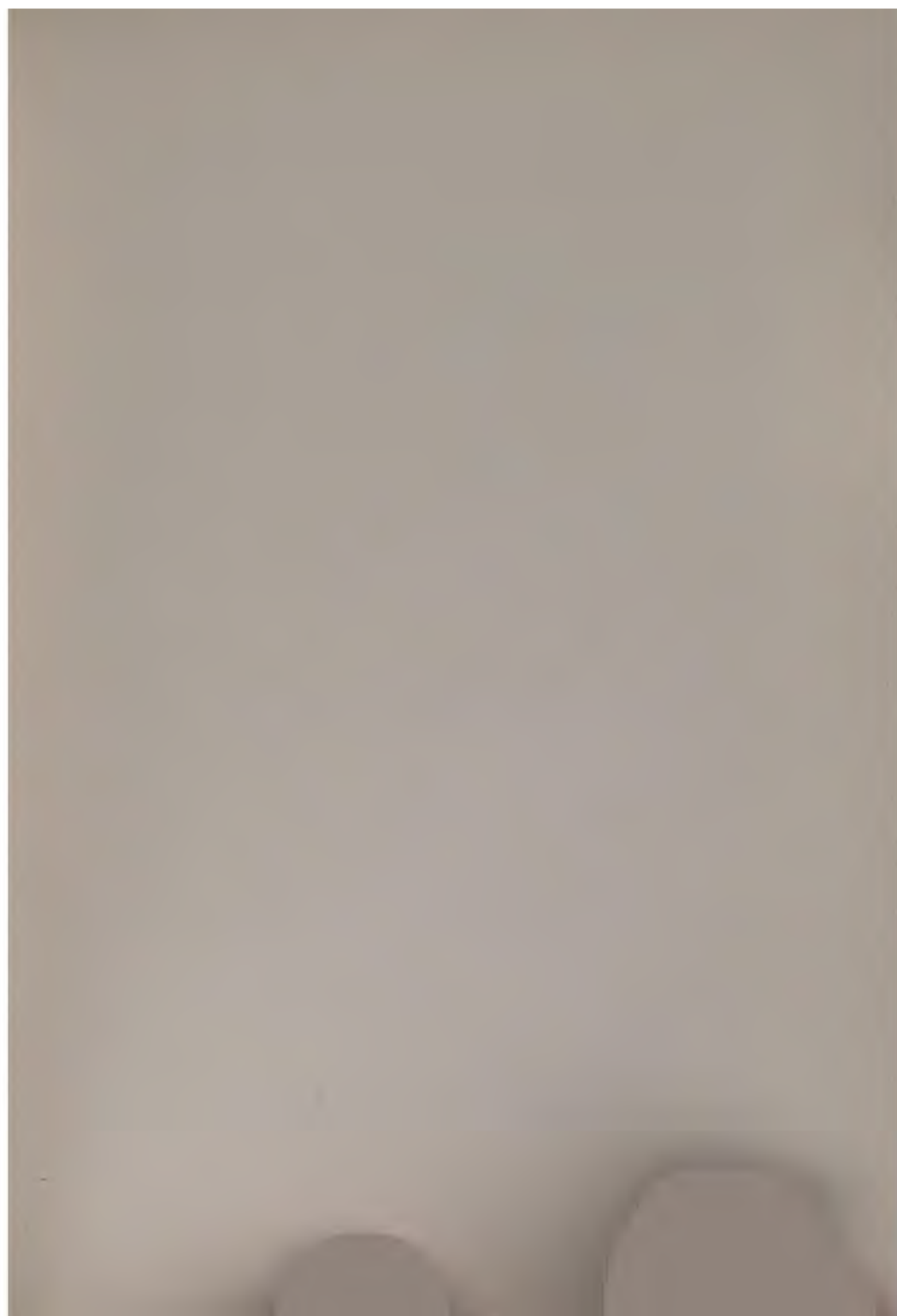
sight from the rocks among which it stands. The strange, almost basaltic shapes of these lanterns seem something like such as stone might naturally grow into. But the forms are really adapted from those of Japanese architecture and Buddhist monuments.

There is, of course, a story of the origin of the stone lantern. It appears that Prince Iruhiko, son of the Emperor Suijin (20 B. C.) acted at one time as village chief of Kawachi, near Sayama. In this capacity, he had had dug an ornamental pond for his village, as had long been the fashion in China. But at night robbers infested the neighborhood, and Iruhiko, to make his pond safe for his villagers, caused his brother, Ishitsukuri, who had become famous as a sculptor, to make a lantern of stone to light up its banks. This first of stone lanterns he solemnly christened — if we may use the expression — with a name as long as a princess' — *Ishi-wa kengo, jin-wo kuda-kazu, hi-wa yo yami-wo tasuku*, meaning, "The stone, eternal, never oppresses benevolence; the fire, energetic, enlightens the darkness." This lantern, still existing in the garden of a Buddhist temple in Yamato, is about eight feet high, square in form, with a round pillar. the fire-globe is cracked and has been bound with a copper belt.

Stone lanterns are now common all over Japan. Every little dooryard, even in crowded cities, has its miniature landscape garden, and if the owner can by hook or crook compass it, a stone lantern as well. It is often the most important element in the landscape composition. It is seen gleaming at night above the reeds and lily pads of a little pond; it occupies a corner by the well, a few stalks of iris planted between; it is placed on a stone bridge across a little stream which goes winding on among flat rocks and grassy spaces; it illumines dark pine branches and snowy



No. 9





No. 10



No. 11



No. 12

cherry blossoms; it stands close to the garden gate of pleated bamboo, or is perched above the garden wall to light the highway as well as the little private demesne. Usually it is placed where its light will be reflected in the running or still water.

The forms of stone lanterns are varied almost to infinity, and yet they may be reduced to a few types.

There is that of the miniature cottage, perched on a pole, with a gable roof sometimes imitating tiles or thatch. There is that of the more elaborate temple roof with its lotus finial and carved emblems. There is that of the pagoda with several lights, one above the other, and that of the Buddhist stupa or stone of commemoration, later to be described. But these are varied in a hundred ways; and there are, besides, nondescript lanterns of fantastic shape, such as that of the Badger God, whose cunning eyes gleam through the pine leaves with an internal light.

Let me describe a little more minutely a few of the famous lanterns in my own collection.

Plate I represents a Korean lantern of the seventh or eighth century A.D. The square base is carved with pairs of standing Buddhas in an attitude of prayer. This and a few others were brought from Corea at the time of the invasion by Hideyoshi, A.D. 1590. They are very highly prized in Japan.

Plate II shows an elaborately decorated lantern in the form of a roof of a pagoda, surmounted by the customary ringed spire and the curved roof ornamented with carved tiles and cloud forms.

In Plate III we have a pagoda-shaped lantern with three lights, in a miniature garden scene. There was a foreground pool, not shown in the photograph, into which runs a little torrent stream, the rocky bed of which, dry when the photo-

graph was taken, is crossed by a small foot-bridge. The dry torrent bed is associated in the Japanese mind with the Milky Way, which is supposed to be the sandy bed of the Stream of Heaven, the gathering place of the gods,—pointing, doubtless, to the time when the early Japanese tribes held their meetings in dry river beds.

Plate IV shows the form called Oribe-Gata, with a relief of Buddha on the base and a semi-spherical roof. This form was that most often adopted by the amateurs of the tea ceremony. It is called after Oribe, the great tea connoisseur of about 1550. He was so fond of this style of lantern that he made a disposition in his will that this, and no other kind, should be placed near his grave. The other pagoda-shaped lantern in this plate is a very rare example of the eleventh century.

Plate V shows an uncommon form called Miya-Gata, that is shrine-form. It is cut in granite.

The form shown at the left in Plate VI is that most often seen in the old temple yards, and is very difficult to be procured as the priests will seldom sell a lantern. It is about one thousand years old. That to the right is called Yukimi Gata, or snow-view lantern, common in Japanese gardens, though this particular example is of rare and exquisite taste. The somewhat flat roof holds the heaped-up snow better than any other form.

Plate VII shows a Kuzuya-Gata lantern, shaped like a poor man's hut, standing near a bridge of bamboo.

On Plate VIII are three varieties of low lanterns, the purpose of which is to guide the owner's feet along his garden paths.

Plate IX is a Japanese attempt at the Korean style of pagoda-shaped lantern, and Plates X, XI and XII show Buddhist sotoba or tomb-stones, which are frequently used



No. 13





No. 14



No. 15





No. 16

as garden ornaments. The component elements of a sotoba are the pointed globe, the crescent, pyramid, sphere and cube, representing respectively, Ether, Air, Fire, Water and Earth.

Plate XII shows the sotoba of the great tea connoisseur Kobori Yenshu, already mentioned. The platform is not shown. The little bowl in front is for offerings of water.

From the actual light of the lantern to Amida, patron of the spiritual light, is, physically and metaphorically, only a step.

Buddha, in his various manifestations, may be called the garden god of old Japan. His benevolent and meditative countenance certainly far better befits fair garden scenes than our classic fauns and pans, and satyrs leering from the bushes. He is seated on the Lotus, the jewel of life in his clasped hand, under the pine branches; or, as Kisannon in prayer, against a background of rain-worn boards; or several manifestations occupy together rock-shelves on a little holy mountain; or, surrounded by fresh blooming azaleas, he has been so long lost in contemplation that the lichens have accumulated on his breast and knees and have designed a white star on his granite forehead.

The earliest celebrated stone sculptor was Tamba Sasuke, contemporary of the great wood carver, Jinguro, who lived in the latter part of the sixteenth century. On Plate XIII is figured the sword-clasping dragon surrounded by flames, which is an emblem of Fudo. It is cut out of Tamba granite from the province of that name near Kioto.

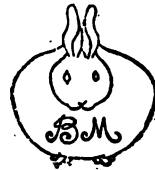
By the same sculptor is the statue of Kongara Doji shown in Plate XIV; a peony blossom, signifying wealth or abundance, is carved on the base of Mikage granite. Kongaro holds an unlit torch. With the dragon this figure usually stands by the side of Fudo; they are known as the Averters of Evil.

The statue shown in Plate XV must, according to the inscriptions, be about nine hundred years old. It represents Fugen Bosatsu. The halo is in the form of a lotus petal. On Plate XVI is a figure of Kwannon in low relief. Its excellent state of preservation is due to the fact that it has not long been exposed in the open garden but has been kept in the veranda of the temple. To the right on this plate is Amida on the lotus, dating probably from about 1400 A.D.

On Plate XVII a standing figure of Jizo, the protecting god of travellers, is accompanied by two conventional guardian lions, frequent in Japanese gardens.

Plate XVIII shows Kwannon seated on the Lotus, holding a model of a sotoba in her hands. The date is probably the fourteenth century.

Lastly, it may be of interest to know that the most esteemed stone for sculptors in Japan is not soft marble, but hard-grained granite. The Yamato granite takes first place, Tamba granite following, and then Mikage granite, Shirakawa granite from Yamashiro, and Kida granite from the province of Omi.





No. 17





No. 18

JAPANESE INFLUENCE IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS

By **HENRY TURNER BAILEY**

Formerly State Supervisor of Drawing for Massachusetts, Editor of the School Arts Book

I

THE JAPANESE have influenced the public schools of America, first, in the matter of color. The attitude of the Anglo-Saxon adult male towards color is a phenomenon worthy of attention. One of these days, when the psychology of races shall be investigated, some learned clerk will tell us how it happened that after æons of male insects, birds, and animals all more brilliantly adorned with color than the female; after millenniums of male savages and centuries of male barbarians, gorgeous in feathered cloaks, tinselled tunics, dyed garments and bejeweled head gear, the Anglo-Saxon male is colorless in his attire. The robes of Chinese mandarins, and of Japanese noblemen, bloom perpetual in our museums; the vestments of Greek patriarchs and Italian bishops glow beside them; European officers are splendid in scarlet and gold; even European scholars glitter with decorations, upon occasion; but from the President of the United States to the chieftain of Tammany Hall, robed for occasions of state, not a vestige of color is to be found throughout male Anglo-Saxondom. In England color did appear at the coronation, because it always had; high functionaries of the church do wear a little red occasionally, the last echo of a splendid past; but there, as here, pallor and gloom alone sit upon the males at every feast. Our learned clerk will tell us how much the Reformation had to do with all this, and the re-reformations under Puritan and Quaker, and the poverty of America in

the early days, and the growing conviction that a man's a man, and his clothes should be subordinate. But whatever the psychology of it all, whatever the enviroing influences, the fact is that down to about 1890, these colorless males had so managed, that all the schoolrooms of America were colorless. If women had controlled education, it might have been otherwise. Who know? But women did not control education, and the schoolrooms from the sea-board to the slope and from Texas to the Canada line were deserts of black, white and gray, except for the rosy faces of the children and a girl's dress here and there. Not only were the walls untinted, and pictures unknown, flowers never thought of, and ornaments of every kind non-existent, but every means of expression was colorless. Blackboards and white chalk, gray slates and gray pencils, white paper and black ink, these, and these alone, were used. I was punished for using a vermillion pencil the first day of a new year. At home my Christmas gifts might make me glad, but not in school. The spirit which, in 1630, fined Alice Flynt for wearing a silk hood, and Jonas Fairbanks for parading in great boots, held my nose in a corner for thirty minutes, in 1870, because my eyes, like their's, loved color. At home I had my tea-chest cover with its gay pattern, my wrappers saved from the fire-crackers, and that never-to-be-forgotten Japanese fan with the queer lady in purple which my rich uncle brought from New York; but in school,—ah, that is another story, as Kipling says.

Somewhere about the year 1890 the influence of Japanese art began to be discernible in the exhibition of drawings of public school children. Just how or where it first began leavening, just who was the first to introduce an element so potent, it is hard to say. In Massachusetts no one person deserves more credit for the transformation than Miss

Irene Weir, supervisor of drawing for the town of Brookline. Miss Weir was the first, as far as I know, to adopt the Japanese brush as a means of expression, and to make free use of watercolors in all grades.

The rapidity with which the color wave rolled over the country was not due to a single cause. There were several. The students of psychology and of children were beginning to emphasize the importance of color as a means of expression, and the desirability of some freer implement than the pencil. The kindergarteners believed in color in the lower grades. The manufacturers of kindergarten material, notably Mr. Milton Bradley, of Springfield, had expended thousands of dollars in perfecting colored papers which should have an educational value. Publishers of drawing-books had prepared other colored-paper systems of instruction. People everywhere were dissatisfied with the old, colorless, mechanical, dry-point mediums, and were anxious for something better. Just at this juncture, Japanese art appeared. Japanese art was not unknown in America before 1890, but Japanese art in a usable form was not to be had until about that time. The print, the novel book with its quaint drawings, the fabrics of dainty patterns, and of an excellence all out of proportion to their cost, the good-sized brushes with such point, such snap, and so much better than the moppy "camel's hair" in quills, so much cheaper than the red sables in their nicked ferrules,—all these came in abundance just when they could be appreciated by a thousand waiting teachers.

The coming of color from Japan has transformed our schoolroom. In the work of our children it has given beauty for ashes, and to our children themselves, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

THE INFLUENCES THAT SHAPED WHISTLER'S ART

ARTHUR JEROME EDDY'S "Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeill Whistler," recently published by the Lippincott Company, will help materially to an understanding of the great painter's extraordinary personality. The work is finely appreciative and is full of interest, as a book that records in sympathetic fashion the writer's personal association with the artist could not well help being. What Mr. Eddy has to say about the influences that shaped Whistler's art is particularly noteworthy. It is claimed that that art finds its only congenial place in the midst of American art. It is noted that of all the various manifestations of art with which Whistler's has come in sharp contrast, English painting has been the slowest and most stubborn in yielding to influences from the far East; whereas of all painters of the nineteenth century Whistler was the very first to recognize the wondrous qualities of Chinese and Japanese art and absorb what those countries had to teach concerning line and color; and in so far as the painters of England, and more conspicuously those of Scotland, have learned aught of the subtleties and refinements of the East, they have learned it *through Whistler*, and not direct. "In other words, Whistler has been absolutely immune to English influences; there is not the faintest trace in any of his works, etchings, lithographs, or paintings. In temperament, mood, fancy, and imagination, in what he saw and the manner that he painted it, he was as far removed from any 'English School' as Hokusai himself. On the other hand, England for some time has not been immune to his

influence, and things after—a long way after—Whistler appear at every exhibition. What is known as the 'Glasgow School,'—that body of able and progressive painters—long ago frankly accepted him as master."

As to French claims upon Whistler it is pointed out that French recognition was exceedingly slow. "France no more taught Whistler to paint than it taught him to etch. His masters were older and greater than the art of France. Before he was twenty-five he had absorbed all and rejected most that France had to teach. At twenty-eight he painted a picture which, scorned by the Salon, startled all who visited the 'Salon de Refuses,' and then—still under thirty—he shook the dust of France from his feet, obliterated every vestige of her influence from his art, and started out to make his way alone and unaided in the domain of the beautiful. In 1865 he again stirred the critics with that novel creation of color, 'The Princess of the Land of Porcelain.' Nothing of the kind had ever been seen in either French or any other art. It was the application of Western methods to Eastern motives; it was plainly a study primarily in color, secondarily in line, not at all in character. It was the first great step taken by the Western world towards abstract art . . . Before France cared very much for Velasquez, before it so much as knew there was an island called Japan on the art map, Whistler was playing with the blacks and grays of the master of Madrid and with the blues and silvery whites of the porcelains of the Orient. And it was he,—Whistler—the American, who turned the face of France towards the East, and made her see things in line and color her most vagrant fancy had never before conceived."

As to Whistler's Americanism as an artist Mr. Eddy claims that the entire body of American painters, at home

and abroad, constitute the one "school," has already given to the world "the greatest artist since the days of Rembrandt and Velasquez,—and greater than either in some respects, as we shall see,—and also the greatest of living portrait painters, not to mention a half-dozen more who are recognized internationally as masters in their chosen fields; the one 'school' that contains more of sobriety, more of sanity, more of youthful vigor and virility, more of indomitable energy and perseverance, more of promise and assurance of mighty achievement than all the schools of all the other nations taken together."

Of the eminent American artists residing abroad, Mr. Eddy says there is not one who has not sacrificed something of his originality, something of his strength, something of his native force and character on strange altars, saving and excepting always, Whistler.

Regarding the Oriental influences in Whistler's art it is observed: "Back of the art of Japan is the purer art of China; and to that source must we go if we seek the factors that influenced Whistler, for he loved the porcelain and pottery of China long before they were collected by the museums and amateurs of Europe. . . . This art of China, as reflected and elaborated in that of Japan, influenced him—of that there can be no doubt—and he recognized what was good in Japanese art before others gave it any attention."



BLUE AND WHITE STORIES

THOSE little azure-tinted simulacra of men and women that live upon the collector's blue porcelains — what stories they might tell could they speak, were it only in pidgin English ! Strange they would be, for sure, stories of the wars of the five kingdoms, of Buddhist and of Troist miracles, tales of the lovely Hsi Wang Mu, of the renowned Shun, of the Phoenix and the Dragon and the sprites that govern the dust-heap behind the door in untidy houses.

Hold ! here, on this little snuff-bottle, on a ground of finest cradele, covered with a glaze translucent as spring-water, who is this youth who leads a Bactrian camel and its calf through a battlemented arch in the great wall ? Is he not a merchant returning from the Court of Genghis Khan ? Those fighting youths whom the angel parts, rushing down through the pine boughs, doubtless they are twin brothers, and their parentage is known to the tyrant who has incited the combat. The weird dragon, fanged and whiskered, who prances among clouds and lightnings on this cylindrical bottle of oily glaze, is really a beneficent monster. He is the spirit of the rain, whose duty it is to refresh the earth and to promote the growth of vegetation. The plants themselves, have their stories, the bamboo, the willow, the chrysanthemum ; and here on this fusiform jar are two boys with branches of the fortune-telling water-hemlock, and one is plainly instructing the other in its mystical uses.

On this miniature incense-box in the shape of a cucumber and decorated in lively blue with cucumber leaves and tendrils are two butterflies with interlocking antennæ, the symbol of mutual affection—not at all like Whistler's

butterfly, you will say, They remind one, rather, of Chwang-tse's dream.

"Yes, I, even I, Old Chwang," the philosopher himself, tells us, "last night I dreamt I was a butterfly. A butterfly, with my airy wings, I fluttered about from flower to flower, until I awoke and found I was only Chwang.

"But since, a doubt assails me, insinuates itself and will not be put aside.—Was it really, then, Chwang-tse who dreamt he was a butterfly, or is it not now the butterfly a-dreaming he is Chwang?"

A curious doubt for a philosopher to entertain, was it not? But how delightful it must have been to be at once a philosopher, not a cynic—and a butterfly.

No emblem derived from vegetation, except the lotus and the chrysanthemum, is used more frequently than the peach upon blue and white vases. It is the symbol of longevity and is especially a favorite with the followers of another great philosopher, Lao-tse, who flourished about three hundred years earlier than Chwang-tse, about six hundred before Christ, and was a contemporary of Confucius, Buddha Sakyamuni and Pythagoras. Let me tell you as the first Blue and White Story, that of Lao-tse's departure from civilization to live as a hermit in the wilderness. If you do not quite understand it, let it sink quietly into your mind; in future years its significance will become plain to you.



LAO-TSE AT THE BORDER TOWER

The day was ended, his life-work done, Lao-tse dismissed his pupils, closed for the last time the doors of the royal library, and, mingling with the evening crowd that

poured out of the gates of Lu, was lost among the simple country folk like a drop in water.

A week later, Yu, the warden who guarded the pass into the savage land of Chin, looked down from the terrace of his tower over the highway that led to the distant capital. Seated on a fat ox which leisurely took both sides of the road, proceeding from one inviting tuft of herbage to another, a traveller approached. He was clothed in black, like his ox, and appeared as indifferent to the rate at which he was going. As he drew slowly nearer, the stranger's abstracted gaze, his enormous forehead, his pointed ears, impressed the watcher upon the tower. Might not this be the great master, the librarian of the king, the fame of whose teaching had reached him at his lonely post and had filled his mind with conjectures about the way? Wild stories that he had heard of Lao-tse's skill had set him dreaming, too, of the elixir of long life and of that quick and mobile substance which the master had extracted from earthy matter and which transmuted base metals into gold. Many a day had he bent over crucibles and alembics; many a sleepless night had he pondered the strange sayings brought to him in distorted versions by ignorant and careless travellers. It was no wonder, then, that he felt something tighten about his heart as surmise gave way to certainty, and he hastily descended from his tower to stay the stranger in the gate.

"Whither would you go," cried he, "without stopping to enlighten me? Long enough have you been shut from me in Lu, and long enough, I make no question, will you be hidden in the wilderness. Would you have me, later, maddened by the thought that I had let you slip, seek you out by the badger's track through the fennel, or voyage with Hsi Wang Mu¹ in her bark of coral to your cave in the western

¹The Fairy Queen

mountains? That shall I not be compelled to do. I have you, and I will not let you go before you have eaten and drunk and talked with me. Tomorrow you shall go your way, tomorrow you shall begin the perfect life. Tonight is mine. You shall leave what can be communicated of your wisdom with me; these tablets shall preserve it, and, ages hence, others, more worthy, shall read it in my book."

The black ox laid down in the cool of the archway, Lao-tse dismounted. As one drifting, full to the gunnel and saturated with experience, he allowed himself to be taken in tow by the warden, who guided him to the stairs that led to the upper terrace. "And may I not also learn of you," he continued, as they ascended, "those useful arts of medicine and of gold-making by which I may gain favor at court? You, master, are quitting the banquet where I would fain be seated in my turn."

As he finished, they reached the terrace. His guest half-turned toward him, and, laying a thin hand on Yu's full sleeve, said mildly —

"If I mistake not, here's the top;
It is time for us to stop."

Yu started. He had heard of Lao-tse's habit of speaking in rhymes and of folding up wise counsels in apparently trivial observations. He felt the implied rebuke, for had he not, in fact, attained the summit of his ambition in becoming the Master's host? What, in Lao-tse's absence, did court or capital contain for him? What should he ever gain by possessing the golden secret?

Lao seated himself on that part of the terrace that overlooked the great wilderness of Chin. The sun was setting behind the western mountains. Their shadows stole across the lowlands where the gray mists rose to meet them. Soon ravine and plateau, forest and lake were wrapped in obscurity,

and only the ghostly airs that blew through the pass and the voices of falling streams were heard as they made their way unseen down into the universal valley.

Yu recovered himself. "What of the great elixir, Master?" he ventured, as he advanced with a cup of fragrant tea, the first ever offered by one civilized man to another. "This draught will refresh you after your journey, but the savages who drink of it die as we do. It is said, however, that you have found the means to prolong life indefinitely."

He stumbled as he spoke. "Careful! Yu," said Lao-tse.

"Better the cup unfilled,
Than the full cup spilled."

And Yu comprehended that he was admonished not to waste his life in futile efforts to abolish death. He was, now, fully alive to the master's method. As he blew up the fire under the kettle, Lao bade him—

"Blow, Yu, blow!
The cool wind makes the fire to glow."

"Aye," thought Yu, "the wind from the dark hollow of my bellows. And so, you would say, you wizard-like man, our poor spark of life is kindled and kept alight by the spirit-wind out of the great, dark, hollow land.

"You, Master," said he aloud, though with some trepidation, "you who have trod the whole round of the way, from life to life again, through the vast shadow, will you not explain to me the mysteries that are hidden in the land of death?"

The last gleam had, by this time, faded out in the west. Yu placed a candle at the master's elbow, but he pushed it aside.

"Trust not to the taper's light,
If you would see into the night,"

said he. And his host knew that the taper light which he was advised to put away was the light of reason.

"But this is incredible!" cried Yu, referring to what he knew was Lao-tse's real meaning. "Yet I have heard say that the aged man who goes to Lao-tse bent with study is told to make himself like an untaught babe."

The warden's infant son, who had been furtively peeping out at the white-bearded stranger from the door of the upper chamber, had just come forward boldly to be caressed. Lao-tse said:—

"Who denies the child for age?
Who will turn the guest away?
Yet neither in the house is lord,
The child, desire, the guest, the word."

"What, then, is lord and warden of the Way, but the Way itself," said Yu. "But is that necessity, or is it love, or benevolence or foreknowledge? Tell me, Master, for I much wish to know."

Lao-tse picked up a lute that lay upon the tiles, and, touching its chords, sang in a low voice,—

THE WAY INEFFABLE

(Tao Teh King. Ch. i. 14:41)

The Way, by which strength is subjected to weakness,
And conquering armies are worsted by meekness;
The Way by which joy is begot by abstention,
And peace is brought forth in the midst of contention.

Or outer or inner, the south and the north of it,
The first and the last, and the long and the short of it,
Is that, whatever you say or gainsay of it,
Your yea shall be nay, and your nay shall be yea of it.

The good, would you call it? I'll do without doing it;
Truth? — find without seeking; Love? — win without wooing it.

"But Master, Master; ah! Master," cried Yu despairingly, "what shall I believe? That the Way is all and all is one — that my fundament is my head-piece? How shall I conceive a thought too big for me?"

"And you, you will lose yourself in the wilds to be a morsel for the tiger, or to roam naked and raving among the rocks. Stay with me, and gradually teach me; or let me accompany you with bow and spear. For I begin to doubt of all things and I no longer see the pleasant company of the immortals and the fairy bride awaiting you at the ferry across the Shining River; but, in an unknown pass I see a heap of whitening bones that mark the limit of your wanderings."

He ceased, for Lao-tse sang again —

THE MYSTERY OF THE WAY

(Tao Teh King, Chapters vi, xxi)

In the sole pass to the valley,
From an undivided Root,
Guarded by a sleepless spirit,
Trees of earth and heaven shoot.

Whose the eye has pierced their leafage.
Whose the foot that soil has trod,
Where shapes unshapen wait existence,
Essences of flower and clod?

Sightless is that land elusive,
It flees the thought, it flees the sense,
Though the substance and the seeming
Of all things that are, are thence.

Hither push the boughs of knowledge,
Yonder — who of that shall sing,

More than, There lies hid the deathless
Root of beauties blossoming?

Fade, they must, and pass away,
But the root shall not decay.

There was a moment's silence. Then Yu—"Old songs; old songs! The eternal root may send up new suckers, truly, but the rotten stump will never flourish again."

Lao-tse did not answer.

Yu hastily jotted down the verses upon his tablets, and none too quickly, for a sudden gust of wind blew out the candle. The fire was dying. Thinking over the master's hard sayings, Yu fell asleep. When he was awakened by the morning chill, Lao-tse was gone.

Strange—considering his dark doctrine—considering, too, the stories of his miraculous birth and his faun-like ears, and the nickname which the Chinese themselves, have given him—"The Old Boy"—strange that those good missionary folk who have translated Lao-tse and wondered what he meant—that none of them, I say, has seen in him—the devil. Instead, with their connivance, he keeps company with the great Christian mystics, with St. John of Patmos and St. Teresa.



**"THE DARLING OF THE GODS" AS SEEN
BY A JAPANESE**

AFTER having heard people talk so much about "The Darling of the Gods" last winter, I twice attempted to secure seats. But I failed, owing to the great demand. I saw it, however, and to my horror, very lately in Boston—the town of enlightenment. I must say: How can the Boston people, so proud of their high ideals in morals and in art, stand such a production? Did they not decline the Bacchante statue for the Public Library, on grounds of inappropriateness, and did not the mayor of Boston interdict the performance of "Sappho" in one of the theatres? Indeed, if the American public can find entertainment in such a play at the expense of Japan's reputation for morality, I must declare that it is due to Japan to send out missionaries to this country and enlighten its Christian public more than it is the duty of Christianity to send its missionaries to Japan. I cannot refrain from a few comments on the subject.

As I am a Japanese in heart and soul, I feel that I must defend my own country against the fostering of such a false sentiment concerning it. Since Japanese institutions, as represented in the "Darling of the Gods" and the "Japanese Nightingale," are placed in a totally wrong light I will endeavor to indicate the source of such error. The fault is largely that of many so-called "Globe-trotters," who, returning from the Orient, give a false idea of Japan. For example, take an American or an Englishman whose morality is open to question. Should he abide in Paris, his conduct is liable to be noted by compatriots sojourning there. He will, therefore, not dare to misbehave himself,

A new line of Yankee steamers across the Pacific to the Orient! The news is welcome to one who ranks as an "old salt" among travellers, having crossed the Pacific twenty-seven times. In the course of my voyaging I have grown heartily sick of the monotonous and not particularly palatable fare that is served on the average Pacific liner. I have often longed for the taste of a real home-made New England apple pie, and even some genuine Boston baked beans would be welcome now and then in the course of the long voyage. Since the new line is so distinctively New England in its origin and in the personelle of its ships' officers, perhaps we may hope for these things. It is really remarkable that more attention is not given to the table on the Pacific liners. One of the big steamships, attractive in all other ways, has such a reputation for stale eggs, the flavor of which permeates all the cooking, that many passengers studiously avoid her. The American line to Australia is an exception in this regard. A friend who made the trip round the world told me that on that line the table was unsurpassed.

Such fine things are related of the big steamships of the new American line that I hope the attention paid to the cookery will be commensurate with that which otherwise appears to be given to the comfort of the passengers. It is the Boston Steamship Company which has established the new line running from Seattle, in connection with the Northern Pacific Railroad, to Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila. The company is owned by Boston capitalists and already has a fleet of four great steamers, the two newest boats having been fitted up with passenger accommodations equal to those now found on the first-class new Atlantic liners. These fine boats are called by the two original names, *Indian* and *English*, respectively, of the peninsula that became the site of Boston, the "Shawmut"

like teaching innocent children to appreciate a horrible picture as an example of æsthetic work. How would any American going to Japan enjoy seeing a play in a native theatre representing the institutions of his own country in the fashion that Japanese institutions are represented by the plays in question? How would he like to see a play written by a person ignorant of American institutions and played also by ignorant actors, who had never seen "the land of the free and the home of the brave"? How would they enjoy seeing in such a play American history represented with George Washington arrayed in the uniform of a fire-laddie, and Paul Revere riding upon a donkey and talking of speeding to the "town of the witches," instead of to Concord? How would they like to see their governor dressed in the costume of a funeral ceremony and taking his seat in the pulpit of a Christian church where eternal fire was represented as burning beneath? Would they not be disgusted with a Japanese dramatist who mixed up Trinity Church in Boston with the gilded dome of the State House? Again, how would they like to see a fair American girl from the Back Bay, of the highest social standing, dressed like an Italian immigrant girl with a hurdy-gurdy, without any manners whatsoever, and keeping company with an outcast youth in her chamber, and in his companionship eating meals every day from one dish together? Yet that would not be one whit worse, nor in the least more exaggerated, than the misrepresentations of Japanese manners and customs in the plays of this kind. Do not ask me, therefore, as hundreds of others have asked me, how I like the "Darling of the Gods?" I have seen it in that light, and I advise my friends rather, to go and see Henry Irving in "Dante."



[i]

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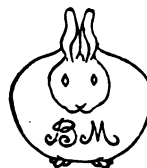
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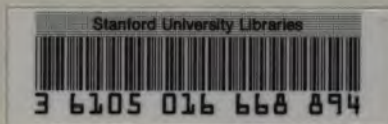
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